Why, I am 'forty-eight.' "I responded,
'You called only a moment or two."
'Forty-eight,' "she repeated in answer,
Well, surely I don't wish for you." was giving my telephone number, As found on the company's page. But I fear, from her hasty answer, the thought I was giving my age.

Ales, that the blow came so sudden;
I received it hewildered, aloneAs the consciousness dawned there upon me,
Rejected by telephone.

—New York Operator.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE

It was past noon when I started for the home of my betrothed. But my horse was good, and if I rode hard, I might be at Trevesy by nightfall. There was a sprinkle of snow on the ground, and a feathery shower fell lightly around me, of which I thought nothing till sunset. The short, dark day was over at five; and at that hour a sharp wind sprang up, and the snow began falling thickly. I felt somewhat blinded and bewildered by the big flakes, ever flying downwards and onwards, and around me, like a cold, patient army, whose onslaught could never be stayed or driven back.

Still I pushed on, though the poor beast I rode shook and trembled, and strove, in his dumb way, to reason against my headstrong will. And now, with some dismay, I suddenly perceived, by the sinking of my horse, even to his flanks, in heaped snow, that, bewildered by the whiteness, he and I had lost the road. It was but a rough one at the best, for I was in a wild country, where mines were many, and men and dwellings few. Extricating my poor steed from the drifted snow wherein he floundered, I rested him a moment, and shouted aloud for help. Again and again my cry came back to me, following on the wings of the cold wind, but no other sound broke the deathly stillness of the night.

Oh, for a saving light in some charitable window! But there was none—

Oh, for a saving light in some charita-ble window! But there was none-only snow and darkness, darkness and snow all around. I thought it terrible; and yet in a little span of time from this I would have deemed it Paradise to be ying lonely on the heaped snow upon

I put my horse to a sharp canter, and he went about a furlong blindly, then stood still snorting with terror. I strove to urge him on, but he refused to obey either whip or spur. Seeing no reason for my horse's fright and stubborness, for my horse's fright and stubborness, I spurred him sharply, and urged him with augry voice to obedience. His wonderful obstinacy compelled me at length to dismount, and, with my drawn sword in my hand, prepared for highwayman or footpad, I dragged him onwards by the bridle. Upon this he made one hasty plunge forward, then stopped, and at the same instant the earth went from beneath my feet, and I fell—fell I knew not whither, down, down, into deep darkness unfathomable, terrible as the great pit. I can scarcely say whether great pit. I can scarcely say whether I thought as I fell, yet I knew I was going to death—knew I was descending one of those unused shafts that lie-out on many a Cornish moor—knew that my bones would lie unthought of in its

depths forever.

But even at that instant my flight was arrested, and I hung in mid-air, clinging by my hands, to what I knew not. It was my sword, which I had forgotten that I held. By a miracle it had thrust itself, as I fell, between the errth and the rocks in the side of the shaft; and there, jammed fast, it held me up.

I cannot explain how this occured—I only know that it was so, As that cry for mercy escaped my lips, the mercy came. My sword caught in the interstices of the rock, and I was held up, my feet daugling over the abyss, my hands clinging to the hilt of my good blade.

feet dengling over the abyss, my hands clinging to the hilt of my good blade. It was firm as a wedge—I could feel that, in spite of my trembling; yet still my position was horrible. To remain thus, to hold on, was torture unutterable; but to yield even for a moment was death.
There was no hope of release for hours
—there was no possibility of relief of
posture; there was nothing but strong
endurance and courage to carry me
through. I waited—I suffered—I

prayed.

It was a night to me of fire. The winds blew and the snow fell, but the cold touched me not; I had fallen too deeply in the shaft for that, even if my tortured blood acceld that the cold touched the cold touched the cold touched the cold to the cold touched the

deeply in the snart for that, even it my tortured blood could have felt it.

Morning broke at last, and hope grew with it. At intervals I had called aloud through all the night; but now, with scarcely any intermission, I raised my voice in cries for help. I did this till weariness stopped me; then I rested in agonized hope of a voice in reply. There was none. No sound reached me. I was in my grave, alone. I called again, again, again! I husbanded my voice. I drew in my breath, and shouted with the strength of despair. There was no newer.

nnswer.

The sun traveled upwards, and I knew it was high noon, though to me the stars were visible likewise; yet the mid-day rays shone somewhat into the shaft, and showed me how I hung. The pit here was not quite perpendicular; it sloped slightly from my feet outwards, and I had found rest for one foot on a ledge of rock. Oh the case to my anguish from rock. Oh, the ease to my anguish from this merciful rest! Tears sprang to my eyes as I thanked God for it.

The sun had shown me that to climb out of the pit unaided was impossible, so I called for help again, and called till voice failed me. I ceased to cry, and night fell down again.

As the hours crept on, a kind of madness seized me; phantoms sprang up from the pit, and tempted me to plunge below; horrible eyes glared on me; voices mocked me. But worst of all was the sound of water—a purling rill lowing gently in my very ears, trickling drop by drop in sweetest music, horribly distinct. Water! To reach water I would willingly die; but I knew it was a madness, so I resisted the fiery thirst that would have me release my hold and perish. Water! Yes, there was water at the bottom of the shaft, fathoms deep below my feet, but I could only reach that to die; and there was water on the fair earth, fathoms above me—water I

It was water! It was no madness-it was water. A tiny stream trickling through the bare wall of rock, like dew from heaven. I held forth my parched and as I drank my strength was renewed, and hope and the desire for life grew warm within me again. And yet on this, the second night of my horrible imprisonment, I cared not so passionately, I coked not so carealy for success. looked not so eagerly for succor. My limbs were numbed, my brain deadened;

was climbing mountains; and from these visions I awoke always to darkness—darkness above, around, darkness below, hiding the abyss that hungered greedily for my life. And no friendly face, no voice, no footfall near. Not a step, through all these slow, slow hours. If passing peasant, through the day, had heard the lonely cry rising from the depths, he had set it down to ghost or pixy, and had passed on his frightened pixy, and had passed on his frightened way regardless.

And now the night was wearing on, and no rescue. I could not live till morning-I knew that.

My mind wandered again. My mothe waited for me, I must hurry home; but I was bound by a chain, in outer darkness,

right mind. I was among green fields and woods, I was gathering flowers, I was climbing mountains; and from these

was bound by a chain, in outer darkness, and I was going to die. There was no Christian in all the land to succor me—I was forgotten and forsaken, left in the pit—and I would unclasp my hands, and fall and die.

No, I would call again once more.

"Help! help! Mercy! help!"

As my fainting voice died in the dark depth, and quivered up to the glimmering sky, I felt hope die with it, and I gave no all thought of life. I turned gave up all thought of life. I turned my eyes towards my grave below, and murmured with parched fips: , "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!"

The little rill that had saved my life The little rill that had saved my his hitherto trickled on, and its silvery murmur, as it dropped on the rock below, was the sole sound that broke the deathly silence around me.

My prayer was over, and I had not relinquished my hold. I was stronger than I had deemed myself. I would cry out again, "Help! help! help!"

I stopped, I listened. A sound was floating on the wind. Coming, going,

floating on the wind. Coming, going, joining the drip, drip, drip of the rill—then dying, then returning. Listening with my whole being, I recognized the Bells—church bells—chimes ringing in

the New Year. "O God, have mercy on me! have mercy on me!"

Bells ringing in the New Year—bells chiming in the ears of triends, telling of sadness and of hope—bells clashing in at merry intervals, between music and aughter, loving greetings, kisses and

Will no one in my father's house take pity on me? Am I missed nowhere? The bells chime for feasting and gladness; and I am here hanging between are beneath me, my joints are broken— and the bells chime on. Would it not be a good deed on this New Year's Day to we me? O feasters and revelers, hear

"Help! help! It is Christmas time! Help, for Christ's sake, good people!" The bells float nearer and drown the drip of the trickling water; and I cry, "Help! help!" saying, "Now will I call till I die." A film grows over my eyes, but my voice is strong and desperate, as I shout, "Christmas tide! For Christ's sake, help, good Christians!"

A great light—a flash of fire! For a

moment I deem it death; then, gazing upward, I see, amid a glare of torches, faces—oh, they were angels to mel—eager faces peering downward. And close by me swings a torch, let down into the depths; its light falls on my haggard face—a great shout rends the

night sky.
"He is here!—he is safe!—he lives!" I cannot speak, though my lips move, and my heart stands still as I see one, two, three daring men swing themselves over the abyss—miners, used to danger —and in a moment stout arms are around me, and I am borne upward, carried gently like a child, placed an instant on my feet, and then laid down tenderly on the heath. I am so weary, and faint, and worn, that I lie with closed eyes, never striving to say a word of thanks.

"Go not so near the brink, madam. I entreat!" I heard a voice cry sharply. Then I open my aching lids, and between me and the shaft there kneels a white figure; between me and the sky there bends a white face, and tears fall down upon my brow fast and warm. It was my betrothed, Fiorian. But even when she stole her little hand into mine-mine so crunped and numbed that it gave no response to her tenderness—and even when she stooped and pressed her lips upon my cheek, I could not breathe a word to thank her.

Yet Florian, dear wife, let me tell thee now, that from the depths of my happy

heart there rose a hymn of joy, and I understood from that moment that thou wert mine, and I owed my life to thy

ove. Then thy sweet lips breathed words that fell upon my soul like mauna— words of tenderness and pity that made the torture of those slow hours in the pit fade away, so migh ty did this reward eem for my sufferings.

I was carried to Trevesy, and as the

men bore me along, you walking by my side, I heard them tell the tale of my servants' fright when my horse returned nome alone, and how they came to your father for tidings of me. Then they whispered of the painful search through the day and night—the tracking of my horse's hoofs upon the snow, and the story of the scared peasant, who all nigh long had heard the cry of tortured story is a superferent the centh. And this long had heard the cry of tortured ghosts issuing from the earth. And this story seized upon my Florian's heart with deadly fear, and turning back upon the black moor, she tracked the hoofmarks till they stopped upon the brink of the old, forgotton shaft, the shaft of the worked-out mine, well named the Great Wheal Mercy.

There was I found and saved by her I had loved so long. And, dearest, as I slowly came back to life on that New Year's morning, and faintly whispered to

Year's morning, and faintly whispered to you of my long love, my patient silence, my pent-up sorrow, you, in your great pity, thinking of my sufferings in the shafts, poured out all your maiden heart, And your loving words, my Florian, were sweeter to me than even the trickling spring had been in Great Wheal

So in a month you were my wife, and now I sit by a happy hearth; and looking down on the bright faces of wife and child, I thank God for that crowning mercy, thy love, dear one, which saved me on New Year's Day from a dreadful death in the shaft of Great Wheal Mercy.

An Electric Fire Tell-Tale. There are several devices for enabling the rise of temperature accompanying an outbreak of fire at a particular place in a building to ring an alarm-bell by means of an electric current. There is the mercurial thermometer, in which the mercury column, on expanding by the increased temperature, makes contact between two platinum electrodes fused into the tube, and completes the circuit; and there is an arrangement in which the bimetallic spring, fixed at one end, is free to curve under the unequal ex-pansion of the two metals, and close a should never see again.

I grew dizzy—sick—blind. I should have fainted—have fallen—died; but as I leaned my head against the rock, I felt as though a cold, refreshing hand were laid upon it suddenly.

I the results are referred by the suddenly with the heat allows them to come together the next allows them to come together. through the operation of a small weight attached to the uppermost contact bar, The tallows is not of course placed immediately between the contacts, for in that case the fat would act as an in-sulator, and prevent the flow of the current. The apparatus is readjusted after an alarm by charging it with fresh tal-

life was ebbing towards death; a shadow at times fell over my eyes; and if I held still to the hilt of my sword, if my feet sought still the ledge that rested them, they did it mechanically, from habit, and not from hope.

I think sometimes I was not in my

Puns and Epitaphs.

The words wit and humor are often, I think, strangely misapplied, many persons using them as synonyms, whilst they are totally different. Wit should be quick and instantaneous like the flash-ing of gunpowder, bright and sparkling ing of gunpowder, bright and sparkling as champagne, and alas! sharp and incisive as a scalpel, though its keen blade renders it rather repellant, and, for its keenness, it appears to me an unsafe tool for general use.

Humor, for the most part is placid and kindly, attractive and winning, and pours from a warm generous sympathizing

from a warm, generous, sympathizing heart. Wit produces upon its hearers a sort of fascinating, though evanescent, thrill; whilst humor calls forth a full and hearty response from every bosom.
When they are united, and the sharpness of wit is softened by the gentleness of humor, the combination becomes a powerful weapon in the hands of a mas-ter. When thus joined in a pun the ef-

fect is irresistible.

The genial, gentle Elia, he of "roast pig" fame, was wont to say that "the worst puns are the best." But how would it apply to this? At a dinner party, on one occasion, a wager was of-fered that none of the guests could make a pun of the three choral syllables, di-do-dum. Ben Johnson, "rare old Ben," as his biographer called him, accepted and immediately gave this:

and immediately gave this:

"When Pido found that Eness would not rome, She wept in silence, and was Dido dumb."

Could anything be worse(?) than Hood's reply to Campbell, who lived in a garret at the head of three flights of steep stairs, when going to visit him one evening, after dinner, in that happy condition in which he often would be at that hour of the day? Hood had struggled nearly to the desired height, when, making a missten he rolled helplessly down. ing a misstep, he rolled helplessly down, and Campbell, disturbed by the unwonted noise, rushed out upon the landing, exclaiming, "Who's that?" Hood, nearly at the foot of the stairs, promptly

Hood had not his superior in the development of the capabilities of our vernacular. One other illustration thereof, taken from his Faithless Sally Brown. She deserted her sailor lover Ben, who, upon returning from a voyage and find-ing Sallie the wife of some other Ben, sickened and died. Hood chronieles his

His deuth, which happened in his berth, At forty-odd befel; They went out and told the sexton, and The sexton tolled the bell.

Somewhere, in one of the old cemeteries, perhaps in Trinity churchyard, New York, there lies half buried in the gray, sodden moss and dank grass, a broad, flat old slab fast crumbling with age, on which is inscribed: "Here lies (we'll say) John Smith, who died A. D. 1724, Actas 93 years," and underneath, some ancient wit had carved in the rudest of character:

"Lie long on him good mother earth, for he Lied long enough, God knows, on thee." And on another stone may be found

Carry the News Mr. John Etzensperger, manufacturing Jeweler, of North Attleboro', Mass., lately communicated to us the following: I suffered so much with pains in my arm, that at times I was completely helpless.
I used that incomparable remedy St.
Jacobs Oil and was completely cured at if by magic.—Attleboro Chronicle.

Concerning Bedrooms. A physician was called to prescribe for a young lady who lives in one of the most charming villas in Learnedville. "Nothing the matter with her," she declared, "nothing but terrible heada headache and it lasted nearly half the a headache and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Riding and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good.

"Will you let me see your bedroom?" "Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest.

imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation.

The windows were high and broad, and were left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall.

"How do you sleep?" said the doc "On my right side, at the back of the

bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best."
"The dickens she does!" says the doctor, "So do L Will you do me the favor to wheel that bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week?
Then let me know about the headache."
Doctors are so absurd? The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the two other sides, and the mantel with its Macrame lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in the

"Never mind! Sacrifice your lam-brequin," urged the doctor—" just for a week you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had free air on both sides, and the headaches disappeared. It may be only an exceptionally delicate system that would be induced to actual headache by breathing all night the reflected air from a wall. Yet possibly some of the morning dullness we know of may be traceable to a like cause. At any rate, plenty of breathing space around a bed can only be an advantage to everybody.

I have a little girl, said Mr. Henry Dole, of this city, in a conversation, who was troubled with a severe lameness in her legs, pronounced by some Erysipelas, by others Rheumatism. I had tried several remedies without effect, when I was induced to apply St. Jacobs Oil and I am happy to say that the use of but one bottle cured her, and she is now able to go to school again.-Detroit Post and

A Lecture on Oyster-Opening. There is a Frenchman who has lived in New York for twenty-six years who is loud in his complaints of the barbarous manner in which oyster-openers in this country do their work. He says: "The way to open an oyster so as to save all the liquor, which, to connois-seurs is a valuable part, is not to smash it and murder it, as most of your oysteropeners do, nor to stab it, as they do in Boston, Baltimore, Washington and other places. And then your oyster-openers always lay out the oyster on the flat or convex shell, so that by the time your plate of 'raw on the half shell' comes to you what little juice that was not spilled in the slaughtering has all run away. The live oyster opens and run away. The live oyster opens and closes its shell at will by means of a tough little membrane, or 'hinge,' about a quarter or a third of an inch in length. This hinge is at the small or narrow end of the cyster. It follows that all that is needed to be done to sep-arate the two shells, whether the cyster is alive or dead, is to sever this little hinge. It is invisible when the shells are closed, but those who understand the business (and any one can learn it in five minutes) know exactly how and where to find it." He contends that a man working in the proper way can open two oysters while another man is pursuing his barbarous practice with

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

FROST will not penetrate so deep when e ground is dry as when it is very wet. THERE is no crop raised which yields o large an amount of food and with so ittle labor as Indian corn.

FARMERS in New Jersey and Pennsylvania are giving considrable attention to the culture of jute plants.

DECAYED grain of any kind is highly injurious to stock. It has a paralyzing effect upon the animals fed with it, oftenimes causing death.

SPENT tan-bark has been plowed into a compact clay soil with the best results, as it rendered the soil mellow and inreased its warmth. Ewes in lamb are very liable to take cold, and when exposed to wet and cold weather, or allowed to lie on the ground,

re likely to suffer abortion. PASTURES that have been fed a few seasons will generally produce more milk, or make more fat, than those which have been newly seeded down. Ashes are, for many soils, a standard

fertilizer. Places where a tree or brush-heap has been burned off show the effects of the manuring for years. It is an old saying, "The land never forgets ashes." A Wisconsin farmer, twenty-three years ago, planted a piece of land unfit for cultivation with black walnut trees. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty nches through, and have been sold for \$27,000.

Snow melts away from drained lands sooner than on those undrained, hence the drained soils are ready for plowing much sooner. In Scotland it is claimed that the harvest is from ten to fifteen days earlier on drained than on un-drained lands.

THE moisture in which one kind of to another class, causing them to rot in-stead of forcing growth. The heat necessary to start one class of seeds would dry up and utterly destroy the gum of an-other class. The application of rules requires a mixture of common sense and

A LADY wno nos raised a large number of hens says that after vainly trying the recommended remedies for lice, she has hit upon the plan of giving them once or twice a week a large loaf made of Gra-ham flour, in which a handful of sulphur has been mixed. The hens like it, and are freed from lice and kept healthy through the season.

We have noted, from time to time the constantly decreasing area in Great Britain devoted to cereal crops. The griculture of the country is gradually changing from grain growing to stock feeding and dairying. From the inval-uable agricultural returns of Great Brit-ian, published by Mr. Giffen, it ap-pears that since 1870 there has been an crease of 2,500,000 of acres in permanent grass.

No branch of husbandry furnishes more agreeable occupation than forest culture. It affords pleasant diversion from the protracted labors of the field, and employment for long winters that without it might prove monotonous. Intelligently and systematically managed, our forests will yield profitable returns, not only to our own, but to all succeednot only to our own, but to all succeed ng generations.

he proved to be his own com

PROPORTION OF CREAM IN MILE.—The first fifth portion of milk from the cow contains about one-twentieth part of cream; the second fifth, one-twelfth; the at a much longer period when milked dry. Farmers, it will be seen, receive a double benefit by such a course. First, there is more cream in the milk, and second, the flow will continue longer,

two requisites in all dairy countries. Ewes in lamb should, as far as practisable, be fed and sheltered separately from the non-breeding animals, as the rowding and more rapid movements of the latter are apt to result injuriously, while such separation makes more co venient certain little attentions to which reeding ewes are entitled as the yearning season approaches, and which may be profitably accorded to them. Ad-vantage will be found in subdivision of the several ages and sexes into as many smaller lots as circumstances will admit of, as such course lessens the liability to prowding and over-feeding of the stronger animals at the expense of the

reaker ones. It also brings each animal more directly under the eye of the attect the first symptoms of deviating from the desired thrift.

SELECTING SHED CORN.—Professor A. E. Blount, of the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins, gives these views on selecting seed corn: "If the stock be a healthy one and free from injury by insects or weather, the topmost ear is always the largest, and best formed, and has the best filled grain, provided the arrest from the largest arrest expenses perfect." parents from which it came were perfect. Every variety of standard corn produces ts best car nearest the tassel for reasons that are quite evident. Being nearest it receives the pollen first and in greater quantity than those below it: another reason is that it is the natural distance rom the soil, etc., etc. A careful examination of the stalks in every stage of their growth always shows that the owest ear has the longest shank, next has a shorter one, and so on to the topmost one, which sets close upon the stalk. It shows also that the lowest ear s the smallest and the top ear the largest, as above stated."

BEDDING FOR CATTLE.—There is no farm work, considering the outlay, that pays so large dividends as the procuring some sort of bedding for the cattle for it not only keeps them clean—a great point in itself—but also promotes their growth and thriftness, and the additional accumulation for the manure pile will more than pay for the labor. usually a large amount of litter that goes to waste that if thus utilized would be of great service. Straw, oats, cut corn butts, etc., are valuable, and fine sand is not objectionable, for in itself it is one of the most cleanly of beds, and as it is a large absorber of liquids, and is of real benefit to clay land, there is no solid reason why a few loads of it may not be judiciously used. A farmer of our acquaintance late in the fall takes his trucks, puts in long stakes, and makes a four-foot-deep box and gathers torest leaves. One man gathers them with rake and basket. These leaves are stored away in an unused stable, and what can be crowded into a bushel basket make a fine bed for a stable of cows for a couple of nights, and are fine absorbants. There is no farmer but that can provide bedding of some kind, and also have dry, wholesome stables for his cattle, and if he consults his interests, and once fully tests the value of plenty bedding, he will always in the future practice bedding his cattle and stock.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Pig's Foot CHEESE. -Boil the hocks and feet of equal quantity loose in a pot till the meat will fall freely from the till the meat will fall freely from the bones; season well with pepper and salt; put into a pan while hot and press it.

Cut in slices and serve with vinegar or

Mock Duck.-Take a round of be steak; salt and pepper; prepare a dressing as for turkey; lay in the steak; sew up; lay two or three slices of fat pork upon it and roast; baste often and you cannot tell it from duck.

SPICED BEEF .- For ten or twelve pounds of beef take one tablespoonful of allspice, six cloves, a piece of mace; pound in a mortar; add a large spoonful brown sugar; rub well into the beef; then with saltpetre and salt; turn and rub daily for ten days; then boil six hours.

VENISON HAM .- Trim the ham nicely and lard with thin slices of bacon, then soak five or six hours in the following pickle: One-half cup of olive oil, sair, spices, thyme, one onion cut in slices and one or two glasses of wine (red), turning it occasionally, then take out and roast before a bright fire, basting it with its pickle. It will take from one to two hours to cook.

Roast Goose.—Make a stuffing of bread examples, onions, and potatoes cut

bread crumbs, onions and potatoes cut fine; season with pepper and salt, sage, and butter the size of an egg; fill the goose and tie down the wings; roast two hours and a half. Boil the liver and heart and add to the gravy which must be thickened with flour. Send to table with apple sauce and mashed potatoes.

MUTTON KERBORED.—Take a loin of mutton; joint well; take the following dressing and put between each joint; Two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, a little thyme, a nutmeg grated, a teacupeggs; roast one hour. If there is a large flap to the loin, some of the dressing may be put in and then skewered se curely.

ROAST TURKEY.—Wash dry and stuff with a dressing of dry bread soaked in water, pressed out and mixed with salt, pepper, thyme, butter and an egg; sew up the turkey snugly, and put in the pan with a little water; roast slowly, allowing three hours for a ten-pound turkey; when commencing to brown, rub over with a little butter to keep the skin from blistering; boil giblet in water, chop fine and put in gravy.

BOMLED Plo's FEET.—Take the fore feet, cut off the hock, clean and scrape them well; place two feet together and roll them up tightly in common muslin; tie or sew them so they will keep in perfect shape, and boil them seven hours on a moderate fire—they will then be very soft; lift them out carefully and let them cool off; then remove the muslin and you

cool off; then remove the muslin and you will find them like jelly. Serve with vinegar or split them and roll in bread them. Serve with a little tart sauce.

QUAIL.—Pick and clean, cut in the middle of back, fry in butter to a nice brown, salt and pepper; now put in an earthen or porcelain lined dish, one tablespoonful of nice butter and the tablespoonful of nice butter and the same of flour; stir on a slow fire until butter is dissolved, then pour in slowly two-thirds glass of water and the same quantity of wine, salt and pepper; put in your birds that are nicely fired, simmer slowly one-quarter of an hour; toast some thin slices of bread (one toast to each bird); put in the dish you wish to serve, laving the hirds on too: pour the grayy laying the birds on top; pour the gravy over all; serve very hot.

FARMERS should be careful not to be in too close competition with each other, and above all things not to compete with themselves. We once knew a farmer who, not wishing to trust too much to one man, consigned three lots of a particular product to each of three different commission houses in the same city. It happened to be the only consignment of the kind offered. Unfortunately for him he proved to be his own competitor ger, half an ounce of allspice, cloves and cinnamon, each; mix the meat, fruit and spices well; pour upon the sugar a pint of wine, and half a pint of brandy; add the fruit to the meat; pour over the wine and brandy; when it is well mixed pack cream; the second fifth, one-twelfth; the last fifth, one-sixth. How important then to get the last and richest drop, even if it were not true that cows are quickly dried up by a slovenly practice of leaving a small portion in the udder. Cows will continue to give a flow of milk at a much longer period when milked at a much longer period when milked plate; cover with puff paste; cut a slit in the middle and bake. They keep well.

Warm them before using.

Heaventy Bliss. "Angels, my dear children," said a Galveston Sunday-school teacher, medi-tatively, "are disembodied spirits," "Does that mean they don't have any bodies?" asked Johnny.
"Angels have no bodies," replied the

teacher, emphatically.
"And will pa and ma be there, too?" "Certainly."
"Then they won't have no use for me there if I haven't got a body for them to spank," and he took to munching an apple he had picked up on a fruit stand when the proprietor was looking the other way.—Galveston News.

Ir does not improve a potato to have specks on its eyes.

Toodles Always Hept a Coffin In his house. Had he lived now he would have kept Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

THE MARKETS.

Forgeneral use in family, stable and stock yard it is

LIVE STOCK.

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CINCINNATL—CATTLE—Common. \$2 00@2 75; go d to choice buchers' grades, \$4 00@4 75; good to choice heliers, \$4 52@4 65; common to fair shippers, \$3 55@4 35; common to fair oxen, \$3 00@3 75; feeding steers, \$4 00@4 75. Hogs—Selected butchers and heavy shippers, \$5 55@6 10, and \$6 15@6 25; sir to good packers, \$5 35@5 70; some light trashy tuff and scalawas, \$5 50@4 25; stock hogs, \$5 75@ 25. Shere.—Common to fair, \$3@4 25; good to choice, \$4 50@6 50; stock sheep, \$3 50@4 50.

EAST LIBERTY. PA.—Reef cattle—Best shipping grades, \$2 50@5 30; fair to good butcher stock, \$4 45@5 10; common light, \$5 55@4 6; bulls, \$2 50@4 50. Hogs.—Philadelphias, \$6 56@6 50; Yorkers, \$6 40@5 70. Sheep—Fair to choice, \$4 50@6 50.

NEW YORK.—Extremes for native steers were \$5@31c. per lb. General sales for medium to prime steers were at \$4@3104c. Sheep—Common te extra prime lambs, \$6 50@7 50. Hogs—Ordinary and good hogs, \$5 50@6 60.

The "Headrest" Abolished.

What is known as the instantaneous process is by no means new, and I be-lieve that the most remarkable result, in the way of taking horses under full trot, ing, yawning; in a word, this new pro-cess does away with the stiff, unnatural expression which most people put on when in front of a camera. The new when in front of a camera. The new pictures look as if the person represented could almost talk. A sculptor, whose terra cotta groups are known widely, got some pictures of wrestlers from which he could work. The athletes came and went to wrestling without regard to the presence of the photographer. Their instructions were simply to wrestle as if in a match. The sculptor held the rubber bulb in his hand, and when he liked the position that the men were in he squeezed the bulb and the picture was taken. At the end of the bout he had a dozen excellent pictures, which could be taken by no other process. Painters have within the last month had pictures taken of cows grazing or walking, and of pigs feeding from troughs. Photograph-ers say that the old process of taking pictures is doomed. This photographer has already sold his head-rests for old

iron. It is no longer necessary to keep still.—New York Letter.

The cent-a-bunch tax on matches yields the Government a daily income of yields the Government a daily income of nearly \$10,000. Any one who desires can figure from this, approximately, how many matches are used per day. On the insignificant little bunch of matches is levied by far the heaviest tax known to civilized governments. Your grocer will charge 50 cents for a quarter-gross package. Of this sum 36 cents stands for the tax of a penny a bunch, while 14 cents represents the first cost and the manufacturer's, jobber's and retailer's profits.

SCARCELY has the warm breath of summer died away, when Coughs and Colds, those avant couriers of dangerous disease show themselves. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures them, and most quickly, too.

Every man has three characters; that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.—A.

Wz do not often speak of any proprietary medicine, but from what we have read and heard of Allen's Lung Balsam, we shall take the liberty of saying to those who are troubled with a Cold, Cough, or any Throat or Lung Affection, that from the testimony afforded, we have such confidence in this article, that were we afflicted in that way, we would make a trial of its virtues. Beware of the fatal consequences of neglecting this timely warning. Now, before it is too late, use Allen's Lung Balsam, which will cure the disease. Every druggist in the land sells it.

Indicestion, dyapepsia, nervous prostration and sill forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Perrosuzed Beer Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire mitritious properties. It contains blood-making the properties of the metallic properties and the metallic properties. inc, force-generating and life-sustaining prop-ertics; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous pros-tration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints, Cas-well, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

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A German Wife.

A writer who has had the misfortune to witness the monotonous life of some unappreciated, meek German wife, ex-plodes in the following condemnatory has been brought to its greatest perfection in California; but it has never been widely used here until now. I saw hast night some wonderful photographs of men and animals in motion, which makes a painter's work easy. The new plates are made of gelatine instead of collodion. The gelatine covering makes so sensitive wife not be both virtuous and happy? A solute that new methods of opening and a painter's work easy. The new plates are made of gelatine instead of collodion. The gelatine covering makes so sensitive a plate that new methods of opening and closing the aperture of the camera have had to be devised, because the hand is too slow. A pneumatic rubber bulb is now used to throw up and bring down again a disc of black velvet placed over the lens of the camera. Attached to this bulb is a long tube, which allows the operator to walk about the room, and when the sitter least expects it, to get a good picture in the fraction of a second. Taking children is the easiest thing in the world; it is not even necessary for them to keep still. Out of doors the photographer has taken horses trotting, ships under sail, with each wave showing as if the water had frozen at that particular second. Children at play make capital pictures; people talking, taughing, yawning; in a word, this new promans toward women measures their civilization, and by that standard they are half barbarians.

King and School-Master.

George III, is said to have related with great gusto a tale of a Scotch school-master who accompanied him to the door of the school-room with his hat on, and when outside the door he said to the uncovered monarch, who, by the way, was then only Prince of Wales: "You will not think me wanting in courtesy, I hope, but the fact is this—that if the boys thought there was any one else as important as myself, I should never get any obedience again."—Bel-

If we should leave out of conversation candal, gossip, commonplaces, fatuity
-what silence. -Mme. Bache.

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